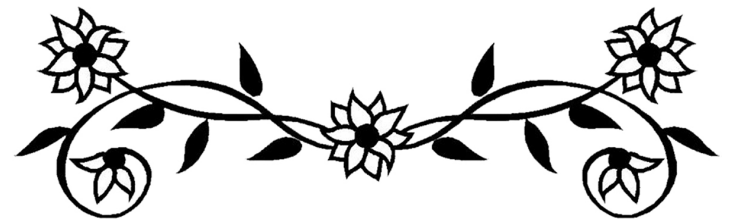
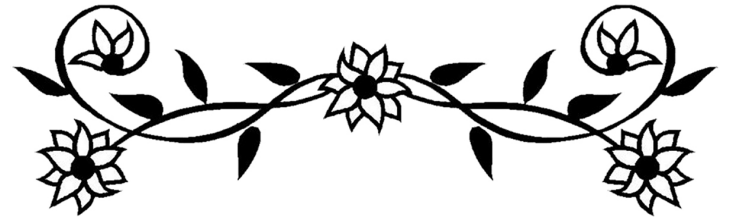


The Collected Works



of Anna Falkoff

The Anarchist School Teacher Anna Falkoff

Like most anarchist women, we know very little about Anna Falkoff, although we know much more than most. We know she was born Anna Lea Gurewitz in 1880 in Ludza, Latvia, which was part of the Russian Empire at the time. She was Jewish, spoke both Russian and Yiddish, and resided in the eastern part of Latvia known as the *pale of settlement* where the Czar forced most of the Jews to live. Apparently, the mysterious anarchist Anna Falkoff fled the Empire in late 1903 and landed somewhere on the east coast of the United States.

Now, when you look at the time period, most Russian radicals fled to the US after the failed Revolution of 1905. The fact that Anna left in 1903 meant she was already into some heavy business. Being on the run from the Czar, it makes sense we know basically nothing about her life between 1903 and 1907, although most people agree she eventually made it to the anarchist commune of Home, a small village in an obscure inlet of the Salish Sea.

According to a 1910 census record, her first child Emma was born in Chicago in 1905, and the father was one Philip Falkoff, who Anna fled Latvia with. They were married and had a second child, Ernest, born at Home in 1907. The eldest child, Emma, was named after none other than Emma Goldman. There's no mention of any Anna Falkoff in the pages of Emma's newspaper *Mother Earth*, so either Anna admired Emma Goldman, or they'd been friends in Chicago, which is likely. One thing every historian seems to agree on is that she arrived at the anarchist commune of Home and became its school teacher, but no one seems certain when.

We know that one James F. Morton was the school-teacher of Home starting in 1902, but the actual classes were held together by a woman named Nettie Mueller, the other teacher. She took a leave of absense in the summer of 1903, replaced by Grace Allen, daughter of one of Home's founders. Several other teachers came and went, but by October of 1906, the school-teacher was one WD McMillan, of Everett, Washington.

The school year at Home was eight months, with the summer break beginning in June. While the mysterious Mr. McMillan presided over the school-house, in May of 1907, we find mention of Anna Falkoff inside that era's Home newspaper, *The Demonstrator*. According to one entry, *two comrades from Chicago by the names of Litovitz and Baker visited their friends the Folkoffs a few days the past week*.

Past, Present and Future

Let us take a prospective glance over the present worldly events. In the Balkans several nations are fighting one another like hungry hyenas; ancient feuds and religious incompatibilities are brought into play to justify their strenuous attitude, while the priests, mohammedans and the christians alike, are praying to the same God to bestow victory upon their side. The powers are eagerly watching the fray and ready to pitch in and gobble up the spoils. The King of Greece seems to have received a pressing invitation to meet his nibs dwelling in the clouds. In Russia 130 million people allow themselves to be trampled upon, robbed, arrested, exiled and even hanged by a handful of noblemen; a few wolves against many sheep. Fifty million Germans, among them a goodly number of philosophers and socialists are led by a few thousand aristocrats and ruled by bureaucratic and military precision by geezer William. Hundreds of thousands of illiterate Italians are yearly leaving their beautiful country to seek more hospitable shores while their government is bankrupt from the disastrous campaign in Tripoli. What about Spain? Noblemen, monks, jesuits riding the peoples' back; while revolt, hunger and intrigue run rampant. In England the suffragettes are burning residences, throwing boots at judges to show the world that they are entitled to vote; in other words using drastic means to secure what men always got—in the neck. In Mexico the peon is groaning under military dictatorship. In America the frequent strikes and labor struggles are refuting the old song of the identity of interest between capital and labor.

What is all this? A civilized world or zoological garden? Things were worse in the past. We are developing rapidly, at least mentally, toward a higher stage of civilization; and these troubles, we once accepted as a matter of course. Let's not sit idly by and bellyache about human shortcomings, but pitch in and pull the chariot of progress out of the mud and get it running on a straight road. One has to be blind not to see that the world is forging ahead—the trouble is that while our thoughts travel at lightning speed, our feelings travel at slow freight, and our actions lag behind or move snail pace. Remember that while you ask yourself "Is it worth while?" myriads of human beings, without praise or reward are offering their lives for the greatest asset of life—liberty! ANNA FALKOFF.

and waves of life repulse her and drive her from one misfortune to another?

She is alone. An angry mood pervades the sea; the stars are pale and twinkle but feebly; the wind now raises a cry of despair, and broken limbs, snapped from the trees are lying upon the dark soil...The leaves are falling—From the Yiddish by Anna Falkoff

Prior to this, the only mention of Anna is in the April, 16, 1906 issue where it's explained that *Louis Cohn, Benjamin Alt and Mr and Mrs Falkoff of Chicago have bought the Dickey place across the bay and will introduce themselves to the art of farming.*

It's unclear who the Dickey's are, but according to Radium Levene, his father Nathan Levin *bought a piece of land on the hill (this was later sold to the Falkoffs).* *There was no house on it so Dad bought \$15.00 worth of lumber and the morning the lumber was delivered, the men of the community gathered at the place with hammers and saws and the women came later with food and coffee—by evening they had built us a frame house. That was the contribution to a young couple who decided to live among them.* It's possible this young couple were the Dickey's, who then sold their place to Falkoff's in 1906, and luckily there's one picture indicating where this house was.

Many questions will be answered when more micro-fiche is scanned and put on the internet, but for now we don't know when she began teaching, but it was sometime after 1907. Historians all agree she left Home in 1910 to go start a Modern School in Seattle, and the first issues of the commune's latest paper, *The Agitator*, contain several articles and ads boosting the Modern School located at 601 Columbia Street. In fact, the slogan in *The Agitator* masthead read *A Semi-Monthly Advocate of the Modern School, Industrial Unionism, Individual Freedom.*

Anna was in deep with this new Modern School, which appears to have only been open on Sundays. She ran this school with her comrade Bruce Rogers, and many historians seem to agree Anna left her husband at this point, perhaps for Mr. Rogers. However, given the Seattle Modern School only ran on Sundays, and given that her son Ernest would later have clear memories of growing up in Home, it's seems that Anna commuted between Seattle and Home, letting the commune raise her kids while she was away.

All of the articles about the Modern School that ran in *The Agitator* were written by Rogers, and Anna was likely concentrating on teaching and raising her two children. That first year went well enough, the Modern School remained afloat, but then a massive heat-wave descended on the Salish Sea that summer of 1911 and Anna decided to go swimming at Home with the rest of her anarchist village.

Following local custom, Anna bathed in the nude with other residents, adult and child alike. They were allegedly seen by scandalized out-

siders, triggering a long legal battle known as *The Nudes and the Prudes*, a story told multiple times which we won't dwell on. Instead, we'll focus just on Anna, given she became the feminine image of the entire legal charade, the very face of the dreaded *nude anarchist bather*.

Anna was one of the few to briefly serve jail time for nude bathing at Home. While the publisher of *The Agitator*, Jay Fox, faced the most serious charges for writing an article in defense of nude bathing, he wasn't the only lightning rod for the public imagination. As Radium Lavene recalled, *when Anna Falkoff served a jail sentence for nude bathing—she was met at the wharf by a big crowd upon her release, and escorted in honor up the hill to her home (which had previously been ours)—Here she found that while she was away her house had been cleaned and papered—and a big dinner was waiting her home coming. She may have been considered a “crack pot” in the city—but in Home she was a heroine.* And so, within this context, of her own free will, Anna decided to make the most of the publicity, and when she was contacted by a journalist for the Los Angeles Record, she not only answered his questions, she posed for a photograph.

In this short article (just a single column) dated December 29, 1911, we learn that one Anna Faulkoff [sic] lived at Home, where *Emma Goldman has her hand in pretty strong there and they read her works instead of the Bible.* The article is sensational, falsely claiming Anna went to jail for nude bathing, but the strangest part is at the end. According to the journalist, *Anna was a graduate of the Russian Imperial University and is considered a scholar in her native country. She is a member of the nobility, but was forced to leave. She is now a radical anarchist.* In case it isn't obvious, Anna is lying to the journalist and having a bit of fun, although it remains possible she entered one of the twelve Imperial Universities that existed in pre-revolution Russia.

This article was widely syndicated across the US, appearing in multiple daily newspapers including the local *Tacoma Times*, where we've taken the pamphlet's back image from. Anna appears again in the *Times*, just once, a short entry from Januray, 19, 1912, that reveals *the nude bathing cases against the Home colonists will be dropped. There was little chance of convictions and the expense was piling up. This decision today frees Adrian Wilbur, who drew a hung jury yesterday, Anna Faulkoff, Stella Rosnick, Stella Thorndale, and Anton Zonconelli, all of who were up on appeal.*

Free from the stress of a potential jail sentence, Anna returned to

Fallen Leaves

It is quite warm, and while the sun is in full splendor, yet one feels that summer is over, slowly sinking into eternity. The grass, once so green, is now tinged with yellow and covered with dust. Among the thin foliage, flowers are now withered and dry leaves are constantly falling at the feet of their sorrowful mother, while others are cast adrift, like orphans in a cruel world. Beyond the endless fields, dark clouds roll slowly by, and the wind that once played like a happy child is now murmuring a doleful song.

Here, under these two tall trees, standing near the water's edge, they sat one beautiful summer night; here, for the first time he revealed the secrets of his loving heart; here, she gave him her first sacred and innocent kiss and the assurance of a love that considers not nor calculates or looks into the future. She loved him not because he was superintending the shop where she was but a common working girl, not because he was rich and she poor—she loved him for the burning and mysterious light of his eyes, for his beautiful lips that constantly whispered, “You are mine!” Yes, it was here, in midsummer, when the trees were laden with green foliage, the flowers fragrant and in bloom, the birds sang in soft, mellow tones; when nature seemed to respond in perfect unison to their hearts' longings. Magnificent nights, when the placid water beneath mirrored the inverted image of the starry heavens above.

The leaves are now falling fast, and the trees are no longer stately and absorbed in thought but seem to be engaged in a fierce struggle with the mighty wind; the waves do not rise in rhythmic cadence, chagrined and in frenzy now beat mercilessly upon the shore. In vain she waits for her handsome lover—he comes no more. With the vanishing summer the happy days took flight, and ushered into her life visions of a dreadful and uncertain future—the days of want and hunger, the cold and bitter winter days when she can no longer conceal her misery and shame. Nature had intended her to be a mother—yet society forbids it.

The stars above seem to have lost their glittering light, and the trees are outlined in a thick, black mass against the horizon. Broken leaves, driven by the wind into the water and repulsed by surging waves, now rest upon wet sand. She, too, is a broken and wilted leaf. Would not the wind

He grows among us and acquires our language. He requires our sympathy, our psychological understanding, our good will, so as to enable him, within the extent of our power, to overcome those difficulties which would cause serious drawbacks during his mature life. His spirit must not be broken, but directed so as to unfold in a free atmosphere his latent possibilities—moral, intellectual and physical—to a higher degree of development. The child, like virgin soil, requires good seed to bring forth bountiful harvest. Our task is to clear from his path the weeds of ignorance and superstition.

Sympathy, solidarity, sincerity, all in unison, must form the keynote of child education, for it must imply truth, all truths, the denial of hypocrisy, of conventional reticence, of error cloaked with mystery. The modern school must have its inception at home, not in Barcelona. A child brought up according to modern standards will not be slow in pointing out our own shortcomings, and his insistent *why?* will make us feel an urge to overcome our own weaknesses and our own failures, and is a direct challenge to our own inconsistencies.

Verily, the advantages of the modern school are two-fold: it educates child and parent alike. And if the truth will make us free, why shouldn't this axiom apply to ourselves as well as to our youngsters? A MOTHER.

her life as a sometimes school-teacher, travelling to Seattle every weekend to run the Modern School. It's unclear what happened, but the school closed in 1912, and rather than return back to the commune, Anna decided to take her two kids and move permanently to the city, having resolved to earn her teaching degree at the University of Washington. Beyond this motivation, Anna likely knew how involved Home had been in the recent *Los Angeles Times* bombing in 1910, and given the Pinkerton detectives creeping around the woods, she likely decided it wasn't the best place for her children, not with her friends harboring dynamiters and smuggling bombs.

From what we know, it seems Anna moved directly into a house at 3731 14th Avenue [now University Way], perched above the water of Portage Bay, and she immediately began to garden the acre of land around this pleasant home. It's possible her lies to the *Los Angeles Record* helped her get into UW, what with her reputation as a fallen Russian noble of high-learning, but who can say? After successfully being admitted to UW, she also began to garden in plots the university set aside for students. According to everyone who could remember, she always gardened barefoot.

One of the people who remembered this fact is Harvey O'Conner, a young Wobbly who often stopped by her house on 14th, which he described as *a rallying point* near campus, and one time when he was there, *a whole bunch of people were seated around a table and they offered me a glass of water, which I gulped down. But it turned out to be vodka. It was my first introduction to hard liquor.* This house where she lived with young Ernest and Emma quickly became *a hotbed for young revolutionists*, one that Anna didn't feel the need to hide.

In fact, it was during this time period, in 1913, that we find the first published works of Anna Falkoff, all included in this pamphlet. Each were printed in the anarchist newspaper *Why?*, published in Tacoma. It served as the defacto Home newspaper, given Jay Fox had taken *The Agitator* to Chicago and renamed it *The Syndicalist*. Anna's writing for *Why?* tapers off in 1914 when she began her classes at UW, but these articles reveal her knowledge of Yiddish and are often far more poetic than what surrounds them, dwelling on things like nature and the heart.

From the fall of 1914 to the summer of 1917, Anna earned her teaching degree, as well as her high-school diploma, and in the process became widely known as the barefoot anarchist of Seattle, with a picture of

her gardening in the October 7, 1917 edition of *The Seattle Times*. It seems that her ex-husband Philip also moved to Seattle, and a 1916 city-directory confirms he lived across town in the Central District at 316 20th Street, with him and Anna on good terms. His ex-wife was well liked in Seattle, as were their children, at least until the Seattle General Strike of 1919.

After the collapse of that promising moment, the Seattle long-shoremen blocked a shipment of arms to the White armies of Russia, provoking a reaction against all the local radicals, with Anna accused of being a Bolshevik by a patriotic inquisition. These proto-fascists were convinced she had been indoctrinating the youth of Seattle all these years with her brand of Marxism. In response, she told them, *I am no Marxist and I have never studied Marxist economics. And anyway, I doubt it would be worthwhile to teach Marxist economics to such young children.* When asked if she was indoctrinating the youth with any type of ideology, she replied, *Yes, I try to teach them to be free.*

Anna suffered no consequences for teaching and harboring countless radicals in her house, probably because of how loved she was, and in the years that followed she would write for the *Seattle Union Record*, teach at a school in the remote logging town of Index, Washington, run a school for gifted children in Seattle, and manage the Hollywood Tavern Apartments in the 1930s.

The Hollywood empire was run by the Stimson family, a settler logging dynasty who had a farm out near Woodinville that supplied their Hollywood Farm City Store in Seattle. In the 1920s, the family branched out and opened the Hollywood Tavern Apartments, which housed not only the Dairy Store, but the restaurant, which served organic, *farm-to-table meals*, 35 cents for lunch, 50 cents for dinner, some solidly middle-class pricing. According to the 1936 city-directory, Anna Falkoff was not only the manager for the Hollywood Tavern Apartments, she lived in unit D, having moved out of her University District house sometimes after 1929. Unfortunately for her, this place closed in 1937 thanks to the Great Depression, and Anna was out of a job.

The next mention of Anna comes from the 1940 census where she's listed as managing an apartment building in Covington, a rural town south of Seattle. After that, we find her in 1941 renting a room at 1705 East Howell Street. The next year, 1942, she rented an apartment down the street at the La Quinta, residing in Unit 11. And then, suddenly, in

Children, Old and Young

No school of thought can ever expect to gain prominence unless it comprises and rests upon the recognition of man's rights. The spirit of authority always contested these rights, and the insistence upon their exercise gave origin to nearly all motives for most of our past struggles. Life is growth and expression is the fundamental principle of life.

In modern society, most rights that have been transmitted to us as a precious legacy by our forefathers have been partly forgotten or have become lifeless and devoid of meaning owing to the indifference of the people. Rights cannot be granted, they must be conquered, and the most efficient way to protect them is eternal vigilance and the constant renewal of our conception of right, the widening of its scope and its social significance; claim it not as an accessory to our existence but as an indispensable condition of life itself. Reciprocity, solidarity are the most important factors in society. We must realize that our moral and material welfare is mainly dependent upon the security of others and it naturally follows that in this recognition we must include our adolescent humanity.

Without losing sight of man's legitimate claim, if we wish to bring forth changes indispensable to progress and conducive to human happiness we must necessarily begin with our children. They are the ones who mostly suffer from the evil effects of false systems of education, and when grown up will eventually impress the baneful result of what is imparted to them upon our future generations. Thus they unconsciously retaliate by perpetuating our own follies. We have always deemed our offspring a negligible quantity, and therefore, we have insisted upon the furtherance of artful deceit and misconception with the pretext of inspiring a love for the truth. Truth must be a means as well as an end.

In our endeavor to follow beaten paths we have almost ignored the child's inalienable rights. First of all, in accordance with the rules of hospitality, he must be welcome. We have invited him, it behooves us to treat him as a guest. He is innocent of any moral blight and appeals to our tenderness. His laughter is as natural as his tears. How could we withhold our sympathetic cares from the little creature longing for maternal milk as well as for our affection? As a guest at the social feast he has a right to be treated as an equal.

it stands, is inexorably right. Let's not allow our hypercritical nature gain control, and bellyache about their shortcomings, let's roll up our sleeves instead, spit on our hards and pitch in to help them perfect their work, build a solid structure cemented by solidarity and lead them to further achievements. This philosophy may lack intellectual veneer, but its essence embodies the aspirations of conscious toilers the world over and has at last found a responsive echo on these shores. Welcome it, and become a living factor towards its dissemination.

The gods are passing, never to return. T'is well; when they are gone, men will remain, curious of their own power, their spirit of initiative and self-reliance.

1942, Anna Falkoff bought the La Quinta for over \$70,000, its valuation in 1930. \$70,000 was a fortune in 1943. Where did she get it?

This story is actually a mystery, but here are the facts. In 1929, there's a record of Anna returning to the US from Bremen, Germany on the *SS President Harding*. There's no information on what she was doing there, but it's possible she went to visit her family in Latvia. In the years that followed, unspeakable darkness descended on the country of her birth.

As far as can be discerned, nearly all of her Latvian relatives were killed in WWII, likely by the Nazis, with their deaths recorded in 1941, the same year 25,000 Jews were murdered in the Rumbula Forest near Riga. It's possible these relatives were able to send Anna all their money before they died, because in 1943, suddenly wealthy, she bought La Quinta and moved into Unit 9. By 1955, she owned two other buildings.

She lived at La Quinta in Unit 9 until 1954 when she moved to one of her other properties, a giant apartment building at 1605 East Madison known as The Olympian. Positioned at the summit of Capitol Hill, the upper floors had a view of both the Olympic and Cascade Mountains, and she built herself a penthouse here when she was over seventy years old.

In 1964, she sold La Quinta to a black Boeing worker named Richard Norman, breaking the real estate *red-lining* then in practice. Not only had she brought a black family into Capitol Hill, she brought many, given the Norman's could legally rent their twelve apartments to black people. She was eighty-five years old when this transaction was finalized, and she died two years later in 1966.

Anna had been a great lover of opera and once offered to sell La Quinta to raise funds for a new Seattle opera house. This means she rubbed shoulders with people like Bill Gates' mom, whom she likely hated.

Anna was well known in Seattle, as were her hyper-intelligent children. Emma went to UW and became a librarian there in the late-1920s, which she kept at her whole life, while her brother Ernest was the youngest person to ever enroll at UW, starting his freshmen year at the age of 14.

Despite his intelligence, Ernest studied law and took a job with the Department of Justice, although he ended up being a private lawyer in Yakima. It's doubtful he knew the implications, but Ernest helped negotiate the land-sale for what ended up being the Hanford nuclear plant, something which is still poisoning the region. He stayed in Yakima and helped form the Northwest Horticultural Council, a fruit-cartel that negotiated

prices with the federal government and made private deals with foreign states. During his time there, Ernest arranged to send Washington apples across the Pacific to the USSR, something which rarely happened during the Cold War. He died in 2005, although by then he'd changed his last name from Falkoff to Falk.

While there's much still to be discovered about his mother Anna Falkoff, it goes without saying that she left her mark on the region, probably in more ways than we realize. 1919 was a terrible year for anarchists in the US, a year that nearly crushed the movement forever, but Anna survived and stayed put, never once forgetting Home or the utopia that could have been, and if you doubt how fervant an anarchist she was, please read her following texts. With any luck, the fire of her rebellion is still raging in these words, bright enough for all to see.

The Call of Nature

Nature is at rest. 'Tis midnight. Peace and harmony supremely reign, the deep blue sky is wonderfully clear. The placid water beneath mirrors the inverted shadows of two tall giants—a church-steeple and a factory chimney. Suddenly a piercing blast breaks through the stillness of the night, as if to mar the exquisite scene—the factory whistle angrily calling the night shift. Bent figures pass hurriedly by and are gradually swallowed by a huge opening in the building. In a few moments the fleeting steps have vanished, and once again all is tranquil and in repose.

Four o'clock. Another sound is heard, only not so commanding. Its tones are dull and plaintive—the church bells. Again some figures appear on the narrow streets with slow and uncertain step—the old going to church. Then the scene resumes its former quietude.

Five o'clock. On the east, beyond a chain of mountains, a crimson light comes forth with increasing splendor—the dawn. The wind is now blowing gently, ripples stir the water, the leaves on the poplar trees are quite restless. Nature has risen from slumber and unfolds its hidden treasures. The sun, is now high on the horizon, its powerful rays call every being to a fuller and more complete life with renewed vigor and added potency. No one takes heed, no one responds to its earnest entreaties and enjoys the grand and majestic spectacle—the young are slaving in the factory and the old are in the church.—From the Yiddish.

sequently the sport they are having, running here and there, apparently with-out a single thought of study, needs to be interpreted if one is to appreciate its true worth.

Indeed, the principles on which the method is based lie so deep and are so contrary to accepted notions of teaching that it has to be interpreted to teachers. A great deal of faith in the latent possibilities of human nature is required on the part of the teacher if she is to make a success of it, for to only the few who have eyes to see and ears to hear is its significance fully revealed.

Imagine a school room in which a little tot has the privilege of rising and sitting down and going whithersoever he will without a remonstrance from the teacher, not even a reproving look. Usually teachers have longer and shorter forms for telling our children to sit still and keep quiet. Nor is this the sole temptation which assails the instructor in a Montessori school, for, as a matter of fact, she is not supposed to be his instructor, simply his director.

He is supposed to instruct himself. When he fails in correctly playing the game in which he has elected to engage, the director must restrain herself from saying, "you should do it in this way," at the same time pointing out wherein he has erred. If the teacher is a true Montessorian she will let the child find out for himself, even if he requires a thousand years.

The keynote to the Montessori system is self-education, auto-education, Maria Montessori calls it. When the child's perceptions are developed to the point where he is capable of taking in the game he will take to it as a duck does to water, and all the efforts to drive it into him externally will not make him absorb it any sooner.

That is Montessori's theory and the explanation of the freedom of action in which her system permits the children to indulge. As soon as they are ripe to do a thing they will do it spontaneously.

She aids them, however, to correct their errors and actually makes the mistakes educational, as they ought to be in any psychologically well-directed school. She does not do it by talking to the child about his mistakes. It is the didactic material which tells him, and it does it when he is ready to receive the information.

As sensory culture, or a training of the senses, is the first step in the Montessori method, the child is supposed to be able in course of time to tell intuitively through the use of his senses when he has done the wrong

The Maria Montessori System of Education

“Children should be taught, not governed, and to teach successfully you must love them. He who loves them most is their gifted teacher.”

All the world has been hearing about the Montessori method of self-education for very young children and of the wonderfully successful results the system has achieved wherever it has been put to a test. Few, however, are actually familiar with the principles that govern this newest of educational systems, which is really a development of elaborate modern science of child-psychology, and is based upon the work of Wundt and Froebel, the great German students of child mentality, and upon the experiments of Doctors Itard and Seguin, and had its inception in that period of great awakening of thought and deed—the great French revolution.

And what is the Montessori method? Briefly, it is a system of child liberty. The child is allowed to develop itself in the way it desires, the teacher, instead of teaching and correcting, being present merely to observe the child's leanings and to direct them in their proper channels. Originally a system devised for the education of weak-minded or defective children, it has been found to contain infinite advantages over all old-time educational methods for the normal child.

The Montessori method was first used extensively in the so-called Children's Houses of Rome, which form a part of an attempt to solve the housing problem of the very poor of that city. Dr. Maria Montessori was asked to undertake the organization of these infant schools, and it was here that her methods had their first test with normal children. Before that she had obtained marvelous results with the weak-minded little ones who had been under her care and her success with their brothers and sisters who had a full mental equipment was even more marked.

Strictly speaking a Montessori session does not resemble a school or a kindergarten, for the little children seem to be doing whatsoever they choose, without any objection on the part of the teacher. Indeed some persons accustomed to the usual relationship between teacher and pupil, with its foundation stone of discipline, would be likely to think of the teacher as somewhat more lax than need be. They might even describe her as being lazy, for she does not seem to be making any special effort to teach the pupils anything.

The latter appear to be spending their time in playing games. Con-

Leo Tolstoi, Educator

Most of us radicals have known Tolstoi as a great artist and philosopher, few, however, are cognizant that during the early period of his life, he has devoted his lofty intellect to the educational question, and strange to say, in no other field of endeavor has he been so free from his characteristic mysticism than in the role of educator. In fact, his views are so practical and rational that they bear a striking resemblance to those advanced by Ferrer and Robin, two confirmed materialists. We may even venture to say that he was the precursor of their system.

The success he achieved at Ysnaia Poliana, where he founded a school in the early sixties, is remarkable for the clearness and simplicity of his method in dealing with children. The government did not take kindly to his enterprise and while it did not openly oppose it, it indirectly caused Tolstoi and his colleagues frequent annoyances and it was abandoned after a few years of experiment. Tolstoi has also written several important works on education and his primers, once suppressed by the censor, have finally been adopted by the public schools throughout the empire.

According to the great Russian sage, discipline, programs and merit cards must be banished from our schools as they are the basis of all social iniquity. Discipline engenders dissimulation, hypocrisy and falsehood; programs destroy originality, initiative and responsibility, and merit cards foster envy, rivalry and hatred among pupils. Education must be integral, rational, varied and free. Integral, because it must tend towards the harmonious development of all the faculties and must embrace a complete, synthetic order of knowledge—intellectual, physical, manual and professional. Rational, because it must be based on reason and science, and not upon faith; dignity and independence shall displace pity and obedience; it must destroy all gods as the eternal and absolute cause of slavery. Varied, as it must favor the coeducation of both sexes so as to encourage a broad, constant and pleasant relationship, that in itself will be a guarantee of greater consideration and morality of highest order. Free, because it must lead toward the progressive denial of all authority and tyranny in favor of liberty, as the final aim of education should be to make men free and race conscious and must encourage a greater respect for the rights of others.

This phase of Tolstoi's life will prove doubly interesting as his educational views have subsequently been endorsed by the foremost partisans of the modern schools throughout the world.

THE MODERN SCHOOL.

The Ferrer memorial meetings held thruout the country on Oct. 13th., the first anniversary of the martyr's death were a great success. In New York 5,000 could not get into big Cooper Union hall. After addressing the vast throng within the speakers talked to the overflow on the outside.

The modern Sunday school in New York, conducted by Alex. Berkman, will soon be made a daily. Joseph J. Cohn has established a school in Philadelphia; Wm. Thurston Brown has begun the work in Salt Lake City, and Bruce Rogers will soon establish a school in Seattle, a prospectus of which will appear in the next number of THE AGITATOR.

No one ever heard a desperado, a murderer or an old soldier brag about killing anyone, especially by shooting in the back or from behind. It remained for Theodore Roosevelt to do this and in a book at that. On page 152 of "The Rough Riders," Putnam's edition, he says: "Lieutenant Davis's first sergeant, Clarence Gould, killed a Spanish soldier with his revolver. At about the same time I also shot one. I was with Henry Bardahar, running up at the double, and two Spaniards leaped from the trenches and fired upon us, not ten yards away. As they turned to run I closed in and fired twice, missing the first and killing the second. At the time I did not know of Gould's exploit and supposed my feat to be unique."

This delectable story has been made into a post card, illustrated, and will be sent by THE AGITATOR at 25 cents a dozen, the proceeds to go to the modern school in Seattle.

FINANCING MODERN SCHOOLS.

FRANCISCO FERRER, martyred founder of the modern schools, bust 9 inches high, express prepaid, \$1.50.

Large wall portrait of Ferrer, 25 cents.

EUGENE V. DEBS, beautiful medallion in plaster, by mail postpaid, 25 cents. Bust, 9 inches high, \$1.50.

THE MODERN SCHOOL,
601 Columbia St., SEATTLE, WASH.

I believe that all the known ways of killing a snake effectually involve the principle of direct action. —Bruce Rogers.

THE AGITATOR EXCURSION

The second annual excursion to Home Colony, given by The Agitator Group of Seattle, will take place on

SUNDAY, JUNE 11th.

The steamer "Fairhaven" will leave Pier 3, foot of Madison street, at 8 a. m. sharp, returning in the evening.

Baseball, dancing, boating and other amusements will be provided.

Refreshments served on the boat. Dinner at Home, 50 cents. Tickets, \$1.00. Children under 12, 50 cents. Tickets for sale at Lavroff's stand, 604 Third Ave., and Raymer's old book store, 1522 First Ave.

Judging from the success of the trip last summer, the demand for tickets will be trebled this year.

The number of tickets is limited, so if you wish to be sure of the opportunity to take this delightful trip, **get your tickets now.**

Agents for THE AGITATOR.

Seattle: Lavroff's stand, 115 Prefontaine Place.

Raymer's old book store, 1522 First Ave.

Lynn, Mass.: S. Yaffee, 233 Union Street.

New York City: B. Waselevsky, 212 Henry Street; M. Maisel, 422 Grand Street.

New Zealand: P. Joseph, 43a Willis St., Wellington.

England: T. Keell, 127 Ossulston St., London, W. C.; Guy D. Aldred, 17 Richmond gardens, Shepards Bush, London, W.

Australia: J. W. Fleming, 6 Argyle Place, Carlton Victoria.

Vancouver, B. C.: The People's Bookstore, 152 Cordova St. W.

Tacoma: Local 380, I. W. W., 110 South 14th St.

Boston: M. Andelman, 291 Tremont St.

Get your friends to subscribe for THE AGITATOR.

HENDERSON BAY ROUTE—Steamer Tyconda leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on Henderson Bay, including Home, week days at 2:30 p. m., returning next morning. Sunday at 8 a. m., returning same day.

NORTH BAY ROUTE—Steamer Tyrus leaves Commercial Dock, Tacoma, for all points on North Bay every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10 a. m., returning next morning.

For Sale—12 acres of good land under good conditions in Aurora Colony, Cal., managed by Abe Isaak. Apply to S. Fillin, 544 Blake Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For Sale—In Home. Two acres and a small house, cheap. Apply to THE AGITATOR.

WHERE TO GO.

Under this heading we will publish, free, the cards of radical lectures and reading rooms.

Chicago: The Francisco Ferrer Club, free library and reading room, 1015 S. Halstead.

Seattle: I. W. W. hall and reading room; lectures Sunday evenings, 211 Occidental ave., rear.

Tacoma: I. W. W. hall and reading room, 723 Commerce st.

HOW TO REACH HOME. Take the Steamer Tyconda at Tacoma, Wash., as advertised elsewhere in THE AGITATOR. Fare, 75 cents round trip.

FROM THE PROSPECTUS OF SEATTLE'S MODERN SCHOOL.

"By the term rational, as applied to education we mean the withholding from the child mind of no light or information whatever that may be had upon the subject in hand, in contra-distinction to the sanctioned or standardized methods of the regular schools.

"We understand also by rational education, a departure from regular methods, in that the popular concept of a school is a building, a four walls, dreary and forbidding, whereas the modern school will be a group of children to be taken to the woods and there have the marvelous mysteries of all ulterior life pointed out to them at first hand; to be accompanied thru the busy streets and there have the functions and true social values of those who do the useful and the beautiful work of the world, pointed out to them, and to be taken thru the mines, mills and factories, into the very heart of production, and the condition of the toiler shown to them as contrasted with the condition of those who own, but who no useful or beautiful work.

"By rational education we understand also that we are to impose upon the child mind no 'ism' or sanctioned faith or belief of any kind whatever, seeking only that he know the truth of all things, moreover we understand by it the entire absence of discipline. When the modern school fails to attract the voluntary attention of its pupil it will have failed wholly.

"In short, by rational education, we conceive the contrary of arbitrary dogmatism which makes for blind faith and ignorance, and the utter absence of the rigid spirit-killing authority which makes, as it is intended to make, for subjugation and obedience, and these for mental and physical bondage.

"It is such a school that we are establishing.

"It is proposed that for the uses of the modern school a building be taken in a locality available to the greatest number of pupils, and that this be used in the evenings and at other times when not occupied for the primary work for course or season lectures on economic, scientific and sociological subjects from the rational viewpoint, thus making the enterprise to take on the nature also of a modern university, at the same time provide a sustaining revenue for the school.

"Also when the schoolroom is not needed for such primary purposes it will be used for teaching foreigners and others to speak, read and write English, for tuition."

Any information can be obtained by addressing The Modern School, P. O. Box 535, Seattle, Wash.

NOTICE.

THE AGITATOR group of Seattle will give its first annual entertainment, an all-Nations' Peasant Ball, on Sunday evening, January 29th, in Redding's Hall, cor. 24th and Jackson Streets.

Dress to represent any nation your fancy suggests; you needn't mask. You may represent just yourself, if you wish, but you are urged to be a type of some sort; an Irishman, Russian, Lumberjack; anybody.

Our glorious institutions will be satirized, everybody taking part. Be there, if within a day's march, or you will miss a novel treat. Admission, fifty cents.